Scheduling Conflict

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Scheduling Conflict

by epochryphal, mxfictiondaydreamer

Summary

Houka and Shiro have extensive plans for a wonderful day of petplay in a nice, empty, quiet apartment of the Elites. Too bad the loudest girls they know show up to fuck.

Notes

epochryphal's kinknerds (ShiHou) meet mxfictiondaydreamer's fucknerds (RyuNon) in the best possible setting. A joint work of love and laughter, with characters largely written by their respective fan-authors.

Pronouns! Houka: ey/em/eir/eirs/emself. Shiro: they/them/their/theirs/themself.

Chapter 1

At the sweet chime of the doorbell, Houka jumped up from the couch where ey had been patiently waiting, phoneless and everything. Ey sneaked a quick glance through the peephole before throwing the door open.

"Okaeri. Welcome home." Houka greeted Shiro with a wide, honest smile, holding open the door to the apartment shared by the ex-Elite Four.

"Tadaima; glad to be home," eir partner echoed, stepping under Houka's outstretched arm and into the lounge. They slipped off their shoes, adjusting the straps of the black tote on their left shoulder while Houka closed the front door, then leaned up on tiptoe to kiss eir cheekbone. "You're certain we have the whole place to ourselves?"

"Indeed. Jakuzure's been quite loud about plans for her all-day fishing trip, and Gamagoori and Sanageyama are gone all weekend for their Kantou 'bro-date'—doing some *riveting* things with konnyaku, my sources tell me."

"Mmhm," said Shiro, brushing their fingertips across Houka's collarbone just above the low cut of eir shirt. "I trust you've prepared everything?"

Houka simply nodded, half-suppressing a full-body shiver. Shiro glanced to the couch with its nest of blankets in the corner, nodded, and walked towards the kitchen. "Heel."

With a carefully measured breath, Houka dropped to eir knees and followed on all fours, slow-going on the hardwood floor. By the time ey caught up, Shiro had already found the shiny metal dog bowl laid out by the fridge and was filling it with fresh water.

"Hot out, isn't it," they commented idly, placing the bowl back on the floor and ruffling Houka's hair. "Must be sure you don't overheat. Drink up."

A wave of heat surged through Houka's chest and climbed into eir face as ey obediently bent to lap at the water with outstretched tongue. Ey could feel Shiro appraising em while ey drank, amber eyes running over dark corduroy pants and bare feet. When ey finished and looked up, water dripping from eir chin, Shiro bent and cupped eir face in one hand, wiping away the moisture with their thumb.

"Let's go get your kneepads. Wouldn't want to wear out those precious knees *too* fast."

They held eir gaze a few seconds longer before releasing eir chin, patting em on the head and moving back through the lounge toward the hallway and its bedrooms. Houka followed, striving to keep up.

Just as they reached the juncture between lounge and the hallway, the front door slammed open.

"Well, since your fucking bedroom is infested with cockroaches AND rats—which, by the way, I still can't believe only happened in one section of the house—"

"I don't fuckin' know how that happened! Lay off already, I was done with the conversation when we boarded the train," Ryuko groaned.

"I'm *telling* you, it's the food you insist on keeping under your bed…"

"And I told *you*, I don't keep food under my bed! You're disgusting."

"Says the person who tries to lick the buttcrack of every girl she sees—"

Nonon cut herself off abruptly as she narrowly avoided walking straight into Shiro, who was standing dead silent next to a very…judgmental-looking, Houka in the entrance of the hallway and, thus, blocking the way to her bedroom.

"Nani sore?!"

"Hohhhh? What's this? Did the fish cancel on you, Jakuzure?"

Nonon turned hot pink. "I live here, dogbreath, I don't have to justify shit to you."

"Truly? Is that why you take such great care to broadcast each and every one of your *oh*-so-fascinating plans to the entire household?"

"Burrrrrn," crowed Ryuko, earning a quick jab to the ribs from Nonon's extremely pointy elbow.

"At least I *have* plans other than fucking my computer all day, every day," quipped Nonon.

"Hm," Houka mused, raising both eyebrows to the middle of eir forehead. "Funny how my computer never attracts vermin into my living space. More importantly, is your vision alright, Jakuzure? You *do* recognize Iori; childhood friend, lives across town, always working, hardly ever makes it over—"

The complainant cut off as Shiro touched a quiet hand to eir wrist. Nonon was utterly unfazed.

"Well, we're gonna fuck in my room, so *you* fucks can clear out of my way and shut your tongueholes."

"Heh. Tongue..hole…"

"We're not doing that today, Ryuko! God," said Nonon with a backhanded slap to the chest.

Houka sighed as ey stepped out of the way. "Will you at least put on some opera instead of your usual orchestral numbers? It makes it easier to filter out the screaming."

"Hm, the orchestrals *could* use some accompaniment," said Nonon as she brushed by. "And I have the perfect voice. Hope you like Mozart, motherfucker."

Ryuko flashed the duo a grin as she strolled after Nonon, and the two disappeared into Jakuzure's room.

Houka glanced down at Shiro's flat mouth and offered a helpless shrug. "Well. My room?"

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"Were you serious about the Mozart, princess?"

"Do you think I fucking joke about Mozart, you uncultured swine?"

"I dunno, just last week we were laughing about Leck mich im Arsch."

"You have a one-track mind, I swear." Nonon went to her record player and put on Mozart's Symphony No. 41, otherwise known as Jupiter.

She smiled as Ryuko sat on the bed, perked up and attentive to Nonon's progressively naked form.

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Shiro watched with folded arms as their partner scrolled through eir extensive music library and selected a playlist entitled "In Case Of Snake." The impressive-save-as-compared-to-a-Music-Elite's speakers, conveniently located against the wall shared with Jakuzure, boomed to life and began blaring out some abominable electro reanimation of what was once a classical symphony.

"That should take care of that," Houka murmured to eir computer with the smuggest of grins. Apparently unfazed by the stupendously clashing roar that now filled the room, ey spun eir chair around and cocked eir head at Shiro. "Now, where were we?"

"Somewhere quieter," the blond responded. At Houka's full-lipped pout, Shiro blew their bangs out of their face with an exasperated huff, turned their head to the side and glanced to the ground in front of them. "Come."

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Chapter 2

Ryuko's attention was utterly fixated on the row of dildos on the dresser and the enticing view of Nonon's vagina, as well as the rest of her, on the bed.

Nonon however, couldn't take her mind off the auditory atrocity pouring through the wall. "What the literal fuck is that dog playing next door?"

"A Fifth Of Beethoven, why?" Said Ryuko to Nonon's vagina.

Nonon rolled her eyes. "Beethoven has nothing to do with it anymore. It's been bastardized beyond recognition. It's worse than the cacophony of a million fingernails on ten thousand chalkboards."

Ryuko shrugged. "So, you wanna get it on, or what?"

"I need the music higher. Turn it up, sleazeball."

Ryuko quickly obliged and turned her attention back where it was due.

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Shiro could swear that Houka's dog ears were actually swiveling toward the adjacent room, despite being a headband and despite eir carefully attentive expression. Their hands paused, and instead of clasping the collar closed to be locked, they withdrew it from around the innocent-looking enby's neck.

"Go," the immeasurably patient one ordered. Houka immediately perked up and practically flew across the room to adjust the volume. Ey crouched in front of the desk and fiddled around in the top drawer for a moment, then trotted back with a remote in eir mouth.

Shiro set the remote on the nightstand and patted Houka's head, finally giving em a small smile. "Good puppy."

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"Harder, fuckass!" Nonon screamed from under the pile of sweaty limbs that was Ryuko Matoi.

Ryuko fucked her harder. She braced herself on her knees and hands and pushed the strap-on courageously forward into Nonon's receptive vagina. "Uhhh!" Said Nonon, adding to the chaotic din of the sex hole that the Elites' apartment had become.

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"No." Shiro bapped their dogfriend on the nose with their newspaper, whisking a box of genuine vegan dog biscuits out of reach. "Treats are for the well-mannered."

Houka whined in the back of eir throat, eyes big and pleading. Shiro was about to scold em further when what could only be described as a banshee with a headcold started screaming bloody murder in the next room. Houka growled at the shared wall, hackles up, and let out a disgrace of a bark.

Shiro hooked an index finger through the triangle-loop on the front of Houka's collar, pulled em close, squished eir cheeks together with their free hand and gave eir face a little shake. "*Manners.*"

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"You ready for the other one, pinkie pie?" Ryuko offered, waving another dildo in front of her companion, strap-on fully engaged but at rest.

"Call me that one more time and I swear—" Nonon started.

"You'll what? Stop having sex with me for a whole day?" Ryuko teased with a smirk on her face.

"Shut your trap, you're lucky you're getting *any* from me! I don't need to take this from you, no-star!" Nonon yelled from the bed.

"Okay, but in the meantime, you want the other one, princess?"

"That's better. Yeah, stick it in."

Ryuko adjusted her glove, followed by the lower ring of her strap-on harness, and carefully added a second purple dildo to the set. She guided both dildos into Nonon to give her some multi-tasking pleasure.

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"AAAUGH! AAEUEUUGH! HHHHHHH! GHUKLKIUHTGRF!"

"I can see why you requested opera," Shiro dryly remarked, fingers scritching behind puppy ears.

Houka wagged the tail on eir belt-loop with trademark hip flexibility, a sight always well-worth watching. Ey nosed eir human's hand and looked semi-pointedly in the general direction of the bedside remote, unable to actually see a whit without eir glasses.

"Honestly. No 'data' is worth the torture of listening to this." Shiro plugged a finger in one ear and closed an eye as they slowly cranked up the volume. "Weren't you just bragging about your elite bugging skills?" They raised an eyebrow at Houka's guiltless expression, and

tugged firmly on the leash to guide eir ear close enough to whisper. "Remind me to punish you for not installing soundproofing."

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"Ugh, that fucking noise!" Nonon complained. "TURN IT DOWN!" She yelled from her puddle of double-sex.

"I could turn up yours," Ryuko offered with a pause from sex, "Or kick the wall," she added with a shrug.

"Turn the dial, I'm scared of what will happen if you kick the wall. It's so thin you might end up with your foot in dogland."

Ryuko stretched her leg, trying hard to hit the dial on the record player with her foot, but gave up after she knocked over several books and a water glass.

"Nice try, jackass. I think you'll have to pull out and actually stand up and turn the knob properly. With your *hand.*"

"Oh, so you want me to use my hand, now?" Ryuko innuendoed on her way to the record player. She looked back at Nonon for a response, but Nonon was just quietly sinking her face into the palm of her hand.

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One more second of this and Shiro was going to A, have a serious migraine, and B, snap.

They snapped their fingers and pointed to the floor. "Down."

Houka carefully slipped out of eir comfy lap spot and obediently padded over to the corner, seated emself there and tilted eir head with a questioning look as Shiro rose from the bed.

They hit the power button on the remote, killing the undead techno-classical horror. With two strides they were at the door, tossing the remote over their shoulder without a glance.

"No, you can't just text them for me. As if they'd hear their phones in all this racket." They paused just before closing the door behind them, gazing off down the hallway. "Stay."

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Just as Ryuko was attempting to cram a fourth finger into Nonon's tiny, but eager, vagina, the music stopped.

"Thank fuck," whispered Nonon. "Now I can enjoy my classical—aaah—in peace."

"Your classical—aaah—is quite nice."

"Shut up and fuck me, *transfer student.*"

The two girls gasped and turned their heads at the sudden knock on the door. Nonon rolled her eyes. "Ugh, what do dogbreath and sewing face want now?"

Ryuko shrugged.

The knock repeated.

"I think you should get it, Ryuko, you're more dressed than I am."

Ryuko looked down at both of them. "We're both naked!" She protested.

"Your vagina's not the one involved here, is what I meant. God, you're so thick. Go get the door."

Ryuko groaned and rolled the sheet with her off the bed. She reluctantly threw her glove in the trash, which was on its way to becoming a miniature version of a latex fetish convention. She opened the door with her non-vagina hand and peeked out. "…Yes?"

"Apologies for disturbing you." With the bridge of their nose pinched in a death grip between thumb and forefinger, Shiro looked anything but apologetic. They took a deep breath to continue, paused and wrinkled their nose at some offensive smell, then straightened up to stand taller. "I need to negotiate for a lower noise level. My side has already ceased hostilities, and I can assure you there will be no further instigation by me or mine."

Ryuko snorted quietly. "So like, you want me to turn the music down? Is that it?"

"Yes." Shiro closed their eyes. "*Please.*"

"Gotcha," said Ryuko with a blink. “Feel free to like, text or whatever. I’m pretty focused in here.” She turned back into the room and shut the door without a thought. She then turned the music down from the front of the movie theater previews volume to a grandparents' car radio volume.

As the music grew quieter, Shiro could feel the tension ebbing from their shoulders. They waited a full minute to make sure the change was permanent, then strode back to the room with Houka in it. Closing the door behind them, their face softened at the sight of Houka's face lighting up, and they patted their knees for em to come greet them. "You miss me, pup?"

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